

TH, THE DEMON PITCHER, IS FOND OF GOOSE EGGS; HIS BATTING AVERAGE IS .000

OUTFIELDERS FAIL TO "PLAY" FOR M'INNIS AND STUFFY JOLTS FOE

ected to Recognize Veteran as Left-Field Hitter, Forgot to Shift and Winning Safety Sailed Harmlessly Near Foul Line

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger

LESS distribution of the Cub outfielders in one inning gave the Red Sox the opening brawl of the world's series yesterday. Somebody perpetrated a boner which assumed the form and habits of a glaring error of judgment, and the only thing Boston did was to go out and cop the contest. The American Leaguers scored only one tally, but it was the longest lonesome run they have pushed over the pan in years.

Perhaps it was a case of mistaken identity, for the Chicago players apparently failed to recognize Jawn Stuffy McInnis, our former sterling first baseman, when he stepped up to the plate in the fourth stanza. Jawn has been playing ball only eight years, and as this is the fifth championship series he has indulged in the mistake was a natural one. Anyway, Jawn was treated like an ordinary person by the outfielders, and thereby hangs this tale.

Those who have followed American League baseball will remember that Stuffy has a groove in which he hammers the majority of his hits. That groove is situated over the third base and as close to the foul line as is legal. Stuffy's old stuff in the A. L. got something new in the senior circuit, as it sometimes is called in polite society.

Old timers are wise to the work when Jawn McInnis steps up to the plate. The center fielder drifts over to left and joins the guardian of that station near the foul line. They are so close together that they can wear the same hat or play a game of pinocchle. Then the shortstop goes over to third and discusses the war with the third baseman. The second baseman can lie down and take a much-needed rest and the right fielder can go to a movie or something.

THOSE guys are entirely superfluous. The four guys on the foul line and the first baseman can take care of Stuffy's stuff.

Paskert and Mann Made Beautiful Chase

DID the Cubs act according to Hoyle? They did not. Dode Paskert and Les Mann stuck in their positions like a pair of ornaments, and their efforts reminded one of a kitchen range trying to climb a tree. They were the chanciest in the world to do anything but chase the ball, but we must say they did that part of the act very well. They also had a swell view of the winning marker crossing the rubber.

Here are the gruesome details. Dave Shean, despite his bum finger, weighed Hippo Vaughn for a pass in the fourth. Strunk tried to sacrifice, but lifted a sweet little pop-up into Vaughn's waiting mitts. George Whitman, however, squeezed a single to center, sending Shean to second. The slugger was set for a tally with McInnis at bat.

Stuffy appeared surprised when he looked over the vacant space in left field. He dropped his bat, shaded his eyes and looked again to make sure. Smiling inwardly or something like that, he faced Vaughn, brimful of confidence. The groove was as wide as Fairmount Park and all he had to do was to connect with the ball. Stuffy let two spurious pitches drift by and headed on the third. The ball looped over third, landed about a foot from the foul line and kept on going. Mann and Paskert chased it and Les grabbed it in time to hold Whitman on third. Stuffy took second on the throw-in.

That is the story of the winning tally and it was the only chance the Red Sox had to score in the game. Whitman was marooned on third and never again did an American Leaguer get as far as the final station. Two men managed to reach second, but it didn't get them anything.

HAD the Chicago outfielders played McInnis as he should have been played the teams might have been playing yet.

Red Sox Have Eliminated Foe Pitching Ace

ESTERDAY'S victory gives the Red Sox a big advantage, as they not only are one game to the good, but also have walloped Fred Mitchell's pitching ace in his debut. Frazee's men have all of the confidence in the world now and the Cubs will have to play just twice as hard to beat them. It also must be remembered that the Sox carefully studied the local batters, and the pitchers will know what to do in the remaining games. The same goes for the Cubs, but as I said they will have to play above their heads to score a victory.

A very significant feature is the Red Sox won without the hitting of Babe Ruth. The well-known slugger lived up to his world's series reputation and finished the day without a hit. Ruth busted one on the nose in the third inning and sent it out to deep center, but Paskert, after stumbling and almost falling down, ran back and made the catch. The other two times Babe struck out. Ruth never has made a hit in a world's series and only twice has he knocked the ball out of the infield. However, he was very effective on the mound, and held the Cubs runless for one hour and fifty minutes of perfectly good western time. He is expected to do better than he rests up in left field today.

George Whitman was the slugging hero with two sizzling singles in his credit, and Dave Shean came next with a bingle and two bases on in four trips to the plate. Harry Hooper and McInnis got the other off Vaughn. Dode Paskert did the heavy hitting for his side with singles in the and sixth innings, and Merkle, Mann, Flack and Deal came through one each.

THUS it can be seen that slugging was noticeably absent from the proceedings. The southpaws were in supreme control.

Ruth Wobbly in Opening Frame

HE start it looked as if Chicago would win in a center, for Ruth was wobbly on his pins and looked like a swell left fielder instead of a slugger. After two were down Mann soaked a grounder at Shean, and the ball, taking a bad bound, sailed over Dave's head into right field. Paskert caught with a scorcher to left, which sailed so far that Mann reached second with little difficulty. Merkle was considered too dangerous to trifling, so Ruth slipped him four wide ones, filling the sacks.

With three one base and a chance for a big clean-up, the home town boys were beside themselves with joy. They shrieked like real world's series rooters and belated defiance at the visiting contenders. Ruth, however, had the proper dope in handling Merkle, a right-handed swatter. He waited for Charley Pick, who hits from the other side of the plate, and Charley lifted an easy fly to Whitman.

The Cubs had all the breaks of the game in the early innings, but could not take advantage of them. When a hit was needed to score a winner the batter always fluffed. This was due either to hard luck or Ruth's pitching, or perhaps both. Anyway, there was nothing doing in the match.

In the third inning Flack opened with a single, went to second on a sacrifice and took third on an infield out. It was up to Paskert to deliver the deciding wallop, but he rolled to Scott and was nailed in his tracks.

IN THE sixth Paskert and Mann hit safely and advanced to second and third on Pick's slow roller to McInnis. Here was another chance to do some business, but Deal was retired on a fly to the outfield.

Winners Take Advantage of Lone Chance

UM up, the Red Sox had one chance to score and got away with it. The Cubs had three excellent opportunities and fumbled. Chicago released one of a football team that plays a great game between the two end lines and goes to pick up when in sight of the goal line.

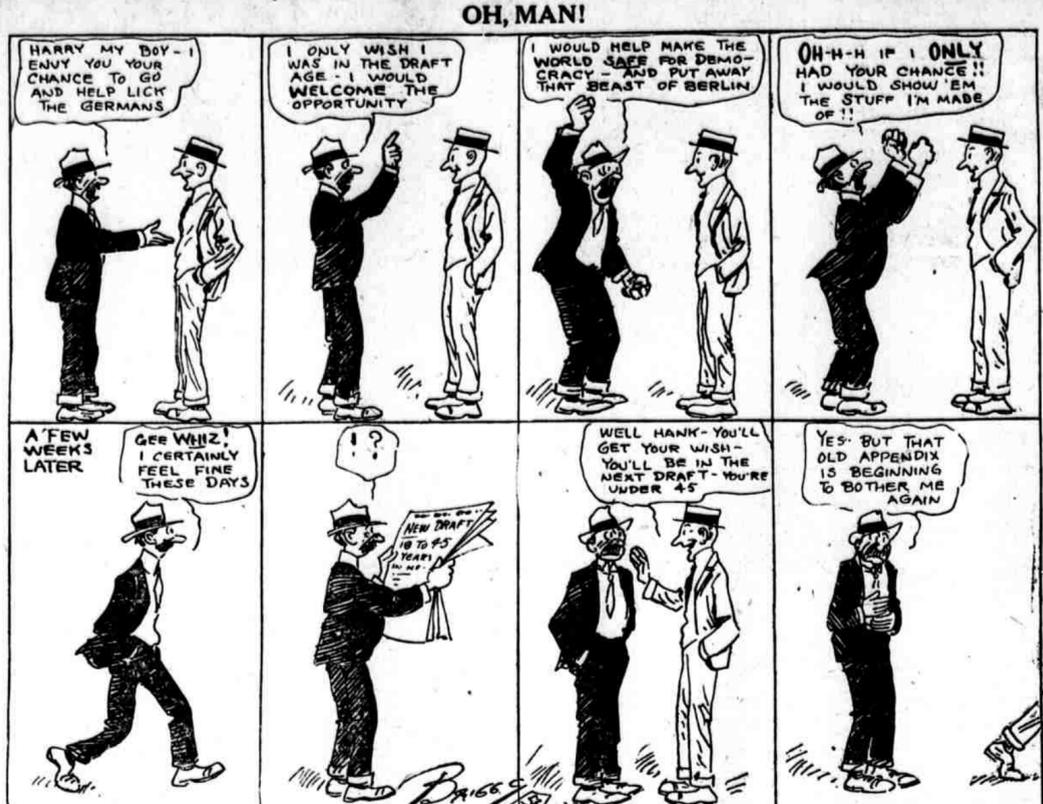
George Tyler will pitch today for Mitchell's men and should be very effective. The New Hampshire milkman is a brainier pitcher than Vaughn. A better change of pace and can shoot his fast ball any place he wishes. The Red Sox fear him more than any hurler on the Cub staff. Joe Bush or Ed Jones will be on the mound for Boston.

The well-known experts closely watched the work of Scott and Hollocher determine which was the better player and at the end of the game handed the honors to the Sox veteran. Scott fielded his position perfectly as did Hollocher, for that matter, but Scott pulled one sensational play which brought cheers from even the most partisan fans. Vaughn hit a screaming grounder just out of the reach of the third baseman, which looked like a safe as soon as the ball cracked against the bat, however, Scott was off and managed to stop the ball with his bare hand. He was on the grass on third and only a fast, accurate throw would get the runner.

ON straightened up, put everything he had on the ball and shot it to McInnis one step ahead of the runner.

It was unlike other world's series battles I have attended, for there was little real enthusiasm and lots of empty seats. The crowd numbered at 10,000, which is more than was expected. It is the second largest attendance in Chicago this year and the baseball men are satisfied.

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FANS PREFER PACED RACES

Motor-Paced Events More Popular Than Bike Contests at Point Breeze

FRANK KRAMER WINS

By PAUL PREP The once royal game of bicycle racing, which in days gone by held the attention of thousands until the finish of the race, has lost its hold on the fans of this city. This was proved last evening at the Point Breeze Motordrome, when Frank Kramer, the American bike champion for seventeen years, defeated Francesco Verri, the Italian title holder, in two straight heats of one mile each.

In his desire to give the people of this city the best that can be procured, Manager Jack Boden tried for three years to get Frank Kramer, the "daddy" of them all, to ride at the Point Breeze track. It wasn't the fault of Kramer, however, that the fans did take to the race between Verri and him. Kramer rode a remarkable race. He was forced to the limit in each case by Verri and barely won by a yard. But his feet suffered in comparison with the dazzling and reckless speed of the motored and motorcycle riders. Kramer rode the first mile in 1:55.4-5, wonderful time for bike rider.

But Kramer and Verri seemed to be crawling along the saucer bowl, in comparison to the manner in which Clarence Carman, Paul Sutter, Harry Klobes and Billy Armstrong sped around the track. The fans became dissatisfied with the Kramer-Verri race, through no fault of the riders, and were impatient to get it over with.

This goes to show that the motored game is the sport that the fans of this city desire. They want to see the men go around the wooden way at a reckless speed. Last evening Clarence Carman, the former American champion, was timed in one minute and five seconds for a mile; while Armstrong and Klobes covered a mile in forty-three seconds. This is what the local fans want.

While the race between Kramer and Verri was booked as the headline, it was the match thirty-mile motored race in which Paul Sutter defeated Clarence Carman and Pete Drobach, that was the real feature. It was one of the greatest races of the year, and the spectators enjoyed it thoroughly.

New York Ship vs. S. & C. The second game of the series between the New York Shipbuilding and Strawbridge & Clothier will be played on Saturday, September 7, on the Strawbridge & Clothier Field, at 3 p. m. Sixty-third and Walnut streets.

Newark Boy's Shoe advertisement. Features an illustration of a boy in a suit and a shoe. Text: 'Newark Boy's Shoe', '50-300 and 350', 'STURDY and serviceable, these Newark Shoes for boys are designed to withstand the hardest wear that shoe leather knows—on the feet of an energetic boy. Flexible and comfortable, they are smart in appearance. Come tomorrow and SEE these shoes—their value is simply incredible in times like these.' Newark Shoe Stores Co. TWELVE WOMEN'S AND MEN'S STORES IN PHILADELPHIA. 1221 Market St., bet. 12th & 13th Sts. 2442 Kensington Ave., bet. York & Cumberland. 3781 Germantown Ave., bet. Lehigh Ave. and Somerset St. 181 North 2nd St., bet. Cherry St. 422 South St., near 4th St. 422 South St., bet. 4th & 5th Sts. 4222 Frankford Ave. 222 N. Front St., near Dauphin St. 5422 Germantown Ave., near Chelton. 22 S. 60th St., near Market. 2412 Kensington Ave., bet. 4th & 5th Sts. 1412 South St., bet. Broad & 15th. 1412 S. 9th St., bet. Race & Vine. 217 Spruce in UJ Circle.

SCRAPS ABOUT SCRAPPERS

JOHNNY WOLGAST, of Lancaster, and "Kid" Sheeler, of this city, will be the contestants in the final bout at the open-air arena of the Cambria A. C., Frankford avenue and Cambria street, tonight. Both Wolgast and Sheeler are two good middleweight scrappers, and the winner probably will be matched to box Jack McCarron, of Allentown, who is often called the \$50,000 beauty. Denny Hughes, under the management of Herman Hindin, and Young Merino, of this city, will be the contestants in the semifinal. Three other good bouts are on the program.

Little Bear, the Montana Indian, and Young (Hank) McGovern, of this city, will mingle for eight rounds in the final bout at the Atlantic City Sporting Club tonight. Bear and McGovern are two of the best flyweights now before the public, and the winner will be matched to meet Joe Tuber, of this city, in the near future. Joe Booker and George Bowker, two colored welterweight scrappers, will fight six rounds in the semifinal. Two other good bouts will be seen.

Tommy Robson, the Boston welterweight, claims that he will surprise welterweight champion Ted (Kid) Lewis, when they clash in the final bout at the Olympic Club on Monday night. Robson is a dangerous man, and he showed it when he knocked out two tough middleweights, Tom Gibbons, of St. Paul, and Battling Koppin, of the Navy Yard, Johnny Mealy, of his city, and Dick Stosh, of Cleveland, will furnish the fireworks in the semifinal.

An open air boxing show will be held tonight at the Mt. Carmel Park. Third and Wolf streets. Four bouts are on the program, and Fish Patay (Cine), the New York welterweight, will meet Jimmy Dougherty, of Mount Carmel, in the final bout. Neil McLean and Alvin Riley, both of this city, will be the contestants in the semifinal. The evening will present Jim Augustin and Pat Marley, and Joe O'Neill and Tommy Manning, in case of rain the bouts will be held the following night. Hugh O'Donnell will referee the Clime-Dougherty bout.

Joe Bonds and Clay Turner will meet in the first bout at the National A. C. on Saturday night. The winner of this

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A Big Slump Is Shown in the World Series. Continued from Page One. Hooper's fly. No runs, no hits, one error. Thomas threw out Killefer. Tyler fouled to Agnew, near third base. Flack out, Bush to McInnis. No runs, no hits, no errors.

Bunched Hits Give Cubs 3 to 0 Lead. Continued from Page One. These three runs looked big enough to give the Windy City gathering their first triumph. There was nothing doing in the third inning for either team. A brace of blanks was their reward. The day was warm, there was scarcely any wind and those clouds visible were of the light, fleecy variety. These favorable conditions, even when added to yesterday's brilliant contest appeared to make no difference. Judications were based on early arrivals that today's crowd would be smaller than yesterday's. The bleachers filled early. The pavilion, one each side of the grand stand, filled more rapidly, but the upper and lower tiers of the grand stand were sore spots for the National Commission and players. The Red Sox took a brisk batting practice, and were scored with left-hand pitching, expecting George Tyler to start against them. Just before the game Ed Barrow said he would start Bush if Mitchell selected Tyler. If Phil Douglass was the Cub selection, he said, Mays would be sent to the mound for Boston. This would be due to the fact that Mays hits well against right-hand pitching while Bush hits his left-handers. If Douglas was to start, Babe Ruth, twirling hero of the first game, was to be stationed in left field in place of Whitman as the Cub fancy portside pitching, and for this reason Whitman replaced Ruth. Bush and Mays were soon left alone in front of the Red Sox dugout and worked, Tyler pitching to Killefer and Whitman were in left field. On the Cubs side both Douglass and Tyler worked, Tyler pitching to Killefer and Douglass to O'Farrell. Douglass took his work in easy fashion, while Tyler worked as if he meant it. Bush and Mays were both working hard, both pitching to Agnew. Schang was at the plate during the Red Sox fielding practice. Mitchell's men, as they came on the field, gave every sign of evidence that they were prepared to battle with all their power to even the series and start the third game tomorrow on an even base with their rivals. The Red Sox, with one victory already to their credit, came on the field radiating confidence. Burrows' men were a little less grim-angled than the Cubs but a trifle more cocksure. They moved more deliberately and with less eagerness than the Chicago players manifested. Joe Bush or Carl Mays will twirl. Mitchell brought his men onto the field at 1 o'clock and assigned Nick Carter to the job of tossing balls to the batters. While the Cubs slugged balls in the field, the Cubs' sluggers eluded Carter's offerings savagely to all parts of the field. Fifteen minutes after the Cubs appeared on the field and began waiting their turn for some preliminary action with the stick.

SIXTH INNING. Shean drove a hit to center, Paskert holding it to a single by a one-handed stop. Strunk forced Shean, Pick to Hollocher, and reached first on a fielder's choice. Whitman hit into a double play. Hollocher to Pick to Merkle. No runs, one hit, no errors. Hollocher tripped down the first base line, the ball running to the far corner of the field. The Boston infield came in on the grass. Mann out. Scott to McInnis, Hollocher holding third. Hollocher tried to score on Paskert's grounder to short but was out. Scott to Agnew, Paskert reaching first. On the hit-and-run Merkle singled to center, sending Paskert to third. On a double steal Merkle was out. Agnew to Scott to McInnis. No runs, two hits, no errors.

SEVENTH INNING. McInnis hit to Hollocher in deep short, Merkle grabbed a wide throw and tagged Stuffy on the line. Scott fled to Paskert. Thomas fled to Flack. No runs, no hits, no errors. The band played the "Star Spangled Banner," bringing the crowd to its feet. Pick walked. Deal sacrificed to McInnis, unassisted. Pick taking second. Killefer walked. Tyler hit to Whitman. Flack flied to Strunk. No runs, no hits, no errors.

EIGHTH INNING. Schang batted for Agnew. He singled off Hollocher's glove. Bush fled to Paskert. Hooper singled to right, and Flack's great throw to Deal cut down Schang at third. Shean out, Merkle to Tyler. No runs, two hits, no errors.

Sunny Slope Sells for \$25,000. Belmont Park, N. Y., Sept. 6.—Sunny Slope, a three-year-old colt by Astro-nova-Neva W., was sold here yesterday by William Martin, who owned and trained him, to the Beech Stable. While the price was not announced, it was said to be in excess of \$25,000.

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